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The National

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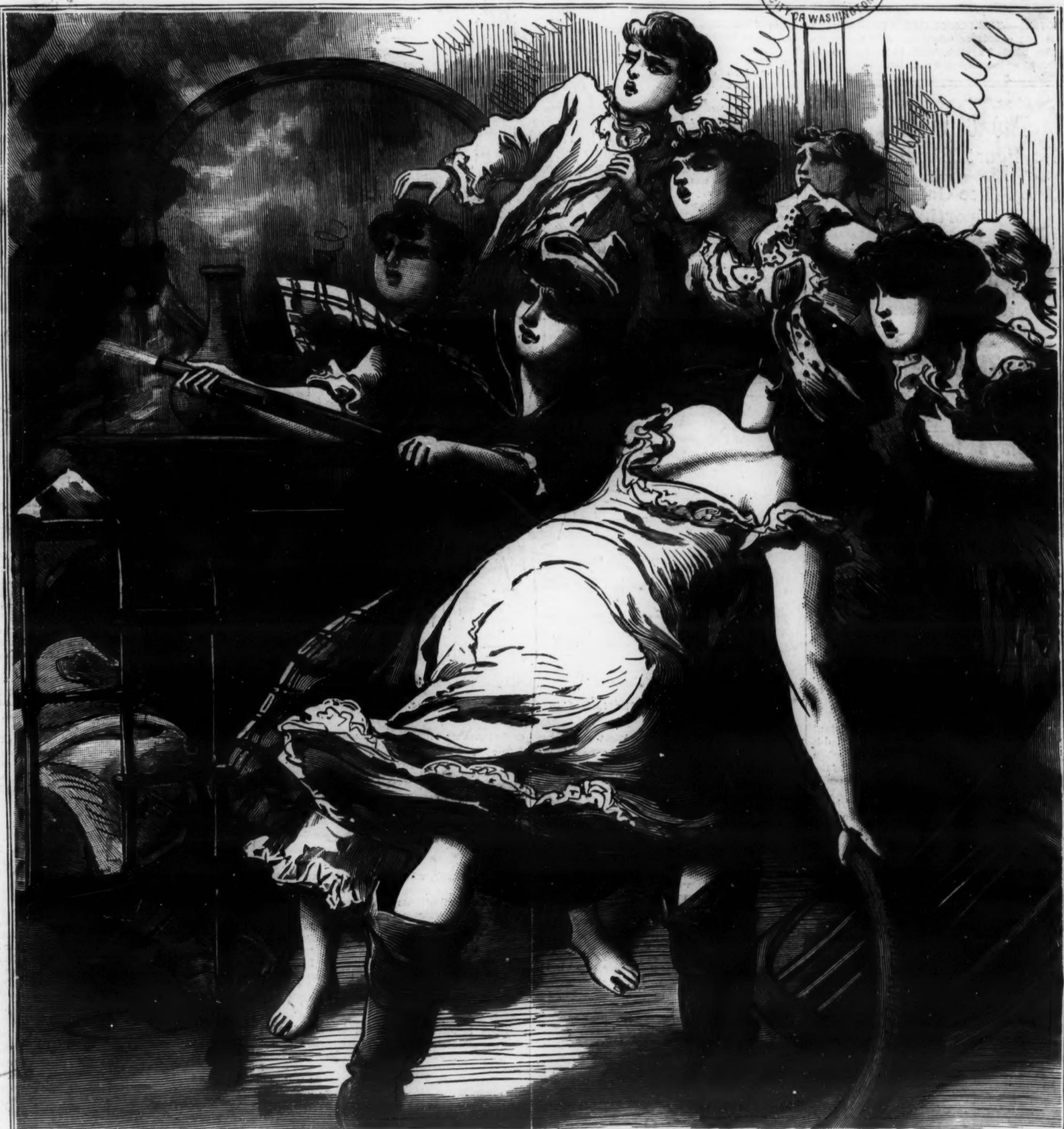
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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COLLEGE GIRLS FIGHT FIRE.

BRAVE MOUNT HOLYOKE, MASS., FEMALE STUDENTS SAVE THEIR SEMINARY FROM DESTRUCTION.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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The Fox Building,
Franklin Square, New York.

EVEN such staid gentlemen as senators like to see the female nude. When they saw Little Egypt they got their money's worth.

THE minister who left his flock in Jersey City and started a saloon is to be commended. There is no creed when it comes to making a living for a family.

IF YOUR sweetheart becomes too persistent I get a hot poker. A St. Louis girl tried it with wonderful success short time ago when she applied the heated end of the iron to the right place.

IT IS a good thing for the college girls of Mount Holyoke Seminary that no men belong to their fire brigade. The men would forget the fire and look perhaps too long upon the charms which a negligee gown reveals.

THE Fort Dodge, Iowa, woman who was taken with delirium tremens as a result of too-much coffee drinking serves as an awful example to the people of that prohibition State. She also gives them a valuable tip.

ROBERT MC CALLUM is a very heroic young man. His adventures at sea in the sloop Richard K. Fox were enough to make any other man settle down on a farm on which there wasn't even a pump, but he proposes to try to cross the raging main again in a small boat.

IF THE present rate of exportation of racehorses continues we ought to be seeing about establishing reciprocity. We do not want this country to become a breeding ground for England. It was a most unfortunate thing that Col. North's experiment of sending English racehorses to America was such an opera bouffe performance. Had it not been for the puffs secured for the stable by Col. Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree the entire venture would have been consigned to a well earned oblivion.

MASKS AND FACES.

The Passing of Angelina Allen, Whose Beauty Destroyed Her.

WAS A TENDERLOIN SYLPH.

Lord and Lady Sholto Douglass Upon the Stage Together at Last.

HE HAS ELEVEN WORDS TO SAY.

A flaming, brilliant meteor has lost its lustre, and its glory has been dimmed. The pace of the Tenderloin did it. Now the night lights shine as indigenously on other faces and other forms and the corks that pop a salute "Vive la Reine," pop also the refrain "La Reine est Morte," in memory of "Curves."

"Curves" is Angelina Allen, a young woman whose facial beauty and exquisite figure, supplemented by her eccentricities, made her the center of Tenderloin gossip for the last two or three years. She was pretty, she knew, and emphasized her natural attractions by an outré adornment and flamboyant conduct. The sobriquet "Curves" was given to her after she began to pose in living pictures and became a model for artists.

Angelina Allen was not inherently wayward, but she hungered for admiration; she absolutely worshipped her own beauty. To her nothing seemed an exaggeration. She believed she was molded in perfection, and adored her own self—a feminine Hyacinth.

Now she is a paretic, with lusterless eyes, meaningless smiles,

preserve his home life he humored her most extravagant fancies for costumes and personal ornamentation. From comparatively easy circumstances he was reduced to penury, and now ekes out a sustenance by the sale of papers in the neighborhood of Union Square.

With poverty dissensions came, and Angelina Allen's conduct became such as to eventually lead to her divorce. She was among the first to pose as a living picture, and her truly remarkable symmetry attracted much admiring attention. She soon developed an intractability of disposition and habits which caused her to lose engagement after engagement, and for over two years no theatrical manager cared to risk making a contract with her.

From the theater she turned to the studios of the artists and has been earning a livelihood posing whenever an opportunity offered. The work of a model for artists, however, did not satisfy her craving for public attention, and she was wont to attire herself in strange costumes and parade Broadway for hours at a time in the afternoon.

The costume she most affected was that of a widow. She wore a small bonnet, from which hung a thick veil to her feet. Surmounting this funeral attire was an immense mass of violets. When Angelina had funds these violets were the real article. When her purse became low and the flowers withered Angelina brought into service a big bunch of artificial violets, which were the more noticeable because they were in places bleached by the sun and rain.

She was a woman of considerable literary ability, and to a sympathetic listener could talk entertainingly on a variety of topics. Her last professional appearance was during the summer of this year when she posed as a living picture on the American Roof Garden.

Lord Sholto Douglass, son of the Marquis of Queensberry, is an actor, and not a great one either. He made his debut in "The Governor" at Grover's Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, in the most non-

called a mesalliance. Some time before the elopement she wrote, saying:

"Only come to me once more. I must see you again before we part forever."

The lieutenant has evidently concluded there will be no parting forever, at least, not for sometime to come.

Margaret Mather and her husband, the gallant Col. Pabst, of Milwaukee, are two. It has been known for some time that the lady was just a trifle too rapid for her beer brewing husband, and now the rumor is that he has settled \$100,000 on her to leave him alone. That she has left home there is no doubt for she is at present lying in St. Joseph's hospital, Chicago, suffering from an attack of nervous prostration. It may be that she will tread the path taken by Fay Templeton and return to the stage as a lady with an interesting past.

The following letter, received at the "Police Gazette" office, will serve to show that the circulation of this paper is better than it ever was, especially among the appreciative members of the theatrical profession:

RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: If possible, will you inform me of the whereabouts of Mrs. P. M. Schuck, or Flora Willis, late of Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin's" Company. My daughter has been with her, playing the part of Eva, and I have not heard from her for eight weeks. I am anxious to know where she is, and if you can inform me as to her whereabouts I shall esteem it a personal favor. Very truly yours,

MRS. JENNIE BADGELEY,
321 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Readers of the JAZETTE who may know of the whereabouts of Flora will kindly communicate with her mother.

There is another woman of the footlights, who according to present indications, will soon have a chance to air her charms before a fickle public. She is Kate Florence Ellis, who was famous in a theatrical way about fifteen years ago. It was her beauty of face and form combined with that indefinite something known as a winning way, that made her a popular and adored idol. She had also the charm of a sweet and sympathetic voice and many a Johnnie's heart was thrown at her feet. She could have had her choice of a hundred ardent swains, but she didn't seem to think enough of any of them to part with her personal liberty and bestow her pleasing personality upon any one man. The climax to her career came when she was at the very pinnacle of her success, and on the night she appeared in the 301st performance of "The Little Duke" at Booth's Theatre, then at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, New York city. She eloped with G. H. Brockway to Elizabeth, N. J. Now it seems that her married life has not been a happy one, and she has been called upon to occupy the very unpleasant position of defendant in a divorce suit brought by her husband.

The roses in the path of May Maxwell, a soubrette with an entertaining smile, a wealth of golden hair and a beautiful figure, seem to have faded of late. She is one of those young women who do song and dances, but she married in the profession. Her husband is Willis Maxwell, a knockabout man, who can stand bruises to his body but not to his heart. Because engagements were shy, Miss May took to giving athletic exhibitions in connection with a well-known young New Yorker, whose muscles stand out on his superb figure like bunches of beets.

The husband declared there were exhibitions of quite another character in private. Whether he was justified or not is a question. At any rate he did what most husbands usually do—he kicked up a row. He kept it up until he saw the athlete stripped to the waist and then he quit. So there you are. Meanwhile Miss Maxwell is hard at work developing her muscles on the machine invented by the athlete.

London never before sent such a lot of limber-kneed mummies in one organization as "The Shop Girl" contains. The limit of what dancing can do for a piece seems to have been reached in this latest of the musical farces, and if Mr. Dam's poor text were as nimble as its interpreters' heels, "The Shop Girl" would be a more effervescent work than it is. Unfortunately, the actors cannot kick the lines into anything like lightness, and they do their best when they dance all around them. Ethel Sydney is at home with her feet in mid-air that it is a shame her opportunities to keep them there are curtailed by the embarrassment of talent that the other members of the company possess. Adelaide Astor, one of the sisters of Letty Lind, has the family voice and family legs with some of the family talent. The legs are more flexible than the voice, and both of them are equally thin. Marie Faust does a Japanese dance in the second act which explains the wonder that her appearance in the first act arouses in the audience. She is a dumpy person with thick ankles, but when she disguises her figure in a kimono and covers her head with a Japanese wig, her justification for being there is obvious. She dances gracefully and neatly, with none of the relief of bifurcated skirts with lace and spangles. More in this style is the dance of Miss Douglas in the bazaar scene. She is a brown-haired, bath-bunned young woman, with a fluffy bang and no end of pink sash petticoats. She can whirl them with a sort of virginal hesitation which is incongruously attractive. She wouldn't be induced to wink like the wicked Cissie for worlds, but she stares at the audience with the questioning look of a baby, and kicks her heels into the air with the maidenly reserve of a debutante at a 5 o'clock tea. If her feet should stay in the air when they get there, and the rest of her disappear into atmosphere, nobody would be surprised at such an ethereal accident to such an airy immaterial young person. She is not as light in weight as Adelaide Astor, but she gives an impression of being pounds thinner. They are all sedate enough, these girls, and are satisfied with spryness. The only one who could be devilish is Connie Ediss, and she's too fat to dance.

Send 25 cents for a copy of the "Life and Battles of Robert Fitzsimmons, Middleweight Champion," published by Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York

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As She Looked in her Bathing Costume.

and her loveliness eclipsed by the blight of an overthrown intellect. Her relatives took possession of her a few days ago, and sent her to a New Jersey retreat near Summit, in the hope that rest and care might restore her lost mentality, and some of her physical charms.

Two summers ago this beauteous creature shocked the good people of Asbury Park, and Founder Bradley especially, by appearing on the sands in a bathing costume that set all the other bathers and loungers wild.

The worthy founder was horrified, and the beach police were hurried to the scene of Angelina's triumph. She was ordered from the beach, and more stringent rules regulating bathing attire were promulgated.

On her return to the city she drifted about the studios, but her employers began to tire of her conduct and delusions. She thought she was being pursued by thieves, who wanted to rob her of the diamonds she wore baubles of glass.

Miss Allen comes of a good Brooklyn family. She is about 30 years of age and lived happily with her husband, a bookbinder, whom she married when 17 years old, until she realized that her figure was exceptionally symmetrical. This knowledge came to her through an artist in Brooklyn, who met her at a ball and had her pose for him with the consent of her husband.

The vanity which followed the realization that she was more beautiful in form than the majority of womankind grew to a mania which manifested itself in an uncontrollable desire to display her charms. Her husband did everything to check her, and in an effort to

One of Folly's Queens.

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M'CALLUM'S DARING TRIP.

Details of His Attempt to Cross the Ocean in a Small Boat.

WAS BUFFETED BY STORMS.

Forty Days at Sea in the Nineteen-Foot Sloop Richard K. Fox.

RESCUED AT A CRITICAL TIME.

With a story of hardship and suffering that reads like a romance, Robert McCallum, the intrepid young Scotch navigator who attempted to cross the ocean in the 19-foot sloop, the "Richard K. Fox," has reached Queenstown. In the following story, sent to the POLICE GAZETTE by Mr. James H. Campbell, correspondent of this paper at Queenstown, will give some idea of the perils this Scotch boy went through to take a small boat across the Atlantic. The only wonder is that he lived to be rescued. He was full of courage when he left the "Police Gazette" tug at Sandy Hook on June 13 last. He had said goodby to his sweetheart and her friends at Quarantine, and he had been saluted by every vessel that floated between the Battery and the Hook. On the bowsprit of his little craft was lashed a big bouquet, and his start was made under the fairest auspices. When the lines were cast off, and he ran his sails up, the boat behaved beautifully, and while it looked like a big undertaking, yet everything seemed in the favor of the sturdy navigator. As he bore away, three hearty cheers were given for him, and in response he waved his cap and shouted as a farewell:

"Queenstown or eternity!"

The account below will show how very near eternity he was.

QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 21, 1895.

Robert McCallum, the daring Scotch youth, nineteen years old, who left New York on June 13 last in the small boat "Richard K. Fox" only 19 feet in length, for the purpose of attempting to cross the Atlantic and reach Queenstown Harbor, arrived here to-day from Limerick, whither he was landed from a steamer named the Arabian Prince, and tells a tale of stubborn endurance and hard suffering which is almost without parallel. He relates, in his remarkable and unique experience, that after being forty days at sea and about 1,600 miles from New York, his boat was struck by a hurricane from the southwest and thrown flat on her beam ends, and remained so for six hours, during which time he lashed himself to the wire rigging to prevent himself from being swept away, and suffered terrible agony from cold and exposure, with mountainous seas sweeping over him; that, with a blessed change of wind, the little craft was again righted by a heavy sea. That subsequently, when endeavoring to get a supply of water from the ship Stalworth, his boat got smashed in and founders, and he barely escaped with his life by being dragged aboard the ship, which was bound to Buenos Ayres. McCallum is not in the least disheartened at his ill-luck, and intends, at the first opportunity, to again attempt his perilousfeat.

The following detailed narrative I obtained from McCallum:

"I left New York on June 13, in my boat the Richard K. Fox, bound to Queenstown, Mr. Richard K. Fox, the owner of the well-known paper the New York POLICE GAZETTE, having, in the most generous and spirited manner, promised to award me \$2,000 if I succeeded in myfeat. I had the boat supplied with water, oil, provisions, etc., to last me for two months, my only companion for the long journey being my little faithful dog, Jack."

"After passing Sandy Hook Lightship I steered a course east southeast, the wind then being moderate from the southwest. Next morning I lost sight of land, and towards noon the wind came piping out from the northeast. That evening at 4 o'clock it blew a gale, and I found that I had covered a distance of 120 miles from Sandy Hook. At dusk the blow became terrific, and with double-reefed mainsail I had to heave to, with sea anchor out over the bow and a bag of oil amidships. In this way I spent the night, with the seas breaking over the boat in quick succession, and she rolled as if she were a living thing in agony.

"This kind of weather continued until the 16th, during which time I remained wet to the skin. The boat, too, made about 6 inches of water, and I did not like the idea of it thus early. On the 16th I found that the gale had driven me 25 miles to the southward. On the 17th, at 5 P. M., in Lat. 39 deg. 54 min. north, Long. 71 deg. 24 min. west, I sighted the German ship Fidelio, Capt. Barenberg, bound from Stettin to New York. The captain spoke to me in English, and I asked him to report me. That night a dense fog came on, and with a nice breeze I rattled along through the sightless gloom. Next day at noon I had a very narrow escape of being run down by a large American bark which suddenly came out of the fog not 50 feet away from me. The crew looked utterly astonished at me, and did not know what to make of my little cockle shell."

"Up to the evening of the 18th I made little headway, but then I got a good slant of wind from the southeast, and making the best use of it, I found myself at 12 o'clock on the 21st, by dead reckoning, in the Gulf Stream. During the next 30 hours I made 115 miles

by the log, but owing to the treacherous and confused sea prevailing, my boat got upset, and remained so for nearly an hour, during which I was in a critical state, clinging on to her side. With God's help I, however, managed to right her again.

"This accident, which had nearly put a stop to my trip, made me decide to run for the northern edge of the Stream, as I knew my craft could live well in a true sea, but not in a confused one, and I thought it better to make a northern passage. This was my first bit of adverse fortune, but I was determined to proceed on my voyage, and although I was not making great headway, still it was not my fault, and I hoped to do better under altered circumstances as regards wind and weather.

"I then steered a course northeast by east, half east, till I thought I was out of the stream. While running free that night I narrowly escaped colliding with a submerged wreck, which, if I had, my fate would never have been known. After that I was careful to keep a sharp lookout at night. From the 23d to the 26th I was becalmed, and the sun during the day was intensely hot. I utilized my time in sleeping a good deal, as I had a chance, and I also succeeded in catching some small pilot fish, which I cooked in a tin held over a torchlight. These were rare delicacies to me, and I enjoyed the feast very much, although there was an absence of white linen. My poor little dog Jack relished the fish, too, and I had occasionally a meal made on a Mother Carey's chicken. These little birds used to frequently fly on deck to catch a piece of biscuit or fat, and Jack would at once pounce upon them and kill them. I tried to stop him, but could not do so. I may here state that Jack was a most faithful and useful companion to me, as while I slept during the day he would keep a lookout seated in the bow, and would always raise an alarm when he saw anything in sight, even to the very smoke of a steamer miles away.

"On the 26th, to my dismay, one of my casks of water got bad and commenced to smell horribly. This scared me, fearing that

away. The seas kept continuously breaking over the boat and altogether I had a bad time of it. The boat, considering its size, behaved splendidly, thanks to her good name. Of course I had to heave to and put my sea anchor out again. During this time I suffered terrible hardships, my clothes were soaked through and through and I dare not open any part of the little craft to get anything to eat, neither could I move about to get at the pump although she had then eighteen inches of water aboard.

"Things became so bad I had to run her before the gale. This proved a terrible experience for me as the little craft frequently stood up on end and was buffeted about in every direction by the huge waves and I was momentarily expecting her to be smashed up as the Atlantic was in a state of overwhelming fury. I ran before the storm 120 miles, northeast by east, three-fourths east. The gale moderated on the 5th, having lasted three days, during which a lot of my things were damaged including some American paper money which became reduced to pulp.

"On the 5th I altered my course to east, one-half south, on which I went a

distance of 138 miles in 48 hours where another gale from the northeast sprung up. I was then in Lat. 40 deg. 54 min. N., Long. 59 deg. 15 min. W., by dead reckoning. I had again, owing to the terrible nature of the weather, to heave to and remained so for forty-eight hours. During that time seas were constantly sweeping over the boat and I dare not move to get even a biscuit to eat. Again I was soaked through and through with water, my face and hands

southwest and while the puff lasted I made 120 miles which fairly made me sing with joy as my little boat was dancing along at splendid speed and I felt that things were about to look better. My happiness was unfortunately short-lived as at 8 P. M., on July 22, it commenced to blow a living gale which was enough to scare any man. I reefed the boat down putting a double reef in the mainsail. I also put my sea anchor out and bags of oil as well. The seas were as high as mountains and the fury of the wind as it howled and screeched through the rigging was awful to listen to. Wave after wave swept across the boat and only that I lashed myself on I would have been washed overboard and drowned. Every moment I thought the man would go over the side as it seemed as though nothing could withstand the force of the wind.

"At midnight the wind changed to northeast and caused a cross sea, this put the boat on the other tack and the rope of the sea anchor breaking, owing to rubbing against the iron bobstay, the little craft fell into the trough of the seas, and being powerless to save her, she soon was thrown on her beam ends.

"Everything now seemed lost and death stared me in the face. I managed to crawl to the rigging at the port side, and resting my feet against the mast clung on to the rigging for dear life. For about six hours I remained in this position, and God only knows what my sufferings were during that time.

"I felt my reason was leaving me and thought I would go mad. The boat having copper ore and cement for ballast and knowing that she was half full of water, I thought she would go down any moment, but being then almost frozen to death I did not care. At this time, as if by the providence of God, a cross sea struck her and she was righted again.

"When I recovered myself I found that in my agony of suffering I had cut with my knife almost the entire trousers off myself, but I got a wet pair from the cabin. I also got a little brandy which revived me, and soon after I tried to pump the water out. After a short time

I got the boat into some shape, and with sails set I shaped a course for the island of St. Pierre, but had only got about twenty-five miles when I sighted a ship which proved to be the Stalworth, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, which bore down upon me. I asked the captain if he could give me some water and he hung out:

"You young beggar, you ought to be drowned."

"I thought this a chilling and inhuman reception considering my exhausted state, and replied:

"Well, if you think so, I will be drowned," and stood on my course again. He came after me and offered the water. I tried to get my boat alongside, but a huge wave dashed her against the side of the ship and burst her open. The boat commenced to fill and the crew threw me a line to save my life. I had just time to take my dog in my arms and the sextant given me by Captain Moorhead, business manager of the POLICE GAZETTE, and was hauled aboard the ship. This was at 5 P. M. on the 24th of July in Lat. 42° 10' N., Long. 52° 18' W. The Stalworth was bound to Buenos Ayres, and as my boat went down short time after getting aboard I had no alternative but to go on in the ship. Thirty-five days afterwards I was landed in Buenos Ayres and subsequently took passage on the steamer Arabian Prince, bound to Limerick, arriving there on the 14th inst."

McCallum states that he intends to attempt to cross the Atlantic early next summer. He will start from this side and is confident of succeeding in his task.

He will profit by his previous very trying experience in the voyage and will begin his new boat within a very short time. There is no reason why the trip should not be made successfully.

A TEACHER WITH NEW IDEAS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is trouble in the air of Bristle Ridge, Mo., and the surrounding towns. A young man who was the teacher in the school has developed propensities that were not to the liking of the trustees. He seemed to pay particular attention to his prettiest pupil, and when she needed help in her lessons he would put his arms around her. Little children who peeked through the cracks in the back of their seats declare that these bugling matinees were continuous and exciting. The girl had a heap of trouble with her mathematics which required the constant ministrations of the schoolmaster. During the noon hour he would urge the children to go out doors and take needed fresh air. While they were gone he would hold the girl on his lap and instruct her in arithmetic. The inquisitive urchins peeping in the window were shocked at this procedure and reported to their mothers. This started an enormous amount of gossip which was in nowise abated when the information was spread abroad that the schoolteacher would take his pet pupil out for a walk and enthusiastically hug and kiss her. All this muss was brought to the attention of County Superintendent Selvidge, of Warrensburg, who hauled the teacher over the coals.

Oh, Mama, Buy Me That!

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Robert McCallum.



Rescue of McCallum and His Dog.



Rescue of McCallum and His Dog.

the other may also turn bad. Nothing unusual occurred from the 26th of June to the 1st of July, during which I steered a course southeast half east with a view to cross the southern edge of the Banks of Newfoundland. I had up to this date covered a distance, by dead reckoning, of 840 miles. From this date the wind became most contrary, on the 2nd of July a violent gale of southwest wind came on in Lat. 40 deg. 10 min. N., Long. 68 deg. 10 min. W., by dead reckoning. There was a terrible big sea on and I could not see 500 yards

In Gay, Reckless Bohemia! A Purse of Pleasure, No. 18, FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. A vivid and graphic picture of Bohemian life in Paris. Illustrated with 99 rare and beautiful drawings. Price 50 cents, sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York

"After parting company with her the wind shifted to



MLLE. D'ARY.

ONE OF THE MOST SHAPELY ACTRESSES OF PARIS IN A NEW AND VERY CHARMING POSE.



FATE OF A COFFEE DRINKER.

A FORT DODGE, IA., WOMAN IS SUDDENLY TAKEN WITH A SEVERE ATTACK OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.



THRASHED HER RIVAL.

THE WIFE OF A CORONER OF INDIANAPOLIS RESENTS IN A FORCIBLE MANNER THE ATTENTIONS PAID TO HIM BY A YOUNG WOMAN.



TRIED TO BITE HER FRIENDS.

MISS NETTIE SMITH'S OUTBURST OF FURY IN THE PACKING ROOM OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON'S FACTORY, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

WAS DISGUISED AS A MAN.

Side by Side With Her Son This Devoted Mother Worked

IN VIRGINIA, MINNESOTA.

She Had Fled From Her Home in Russia to Save the Boy From Exile.

SON'S DEATH REVEALS THE SECRET.

The death in the Franklin mine, at Virginia, Minn., of Nicholas Tarensky, as the result of injuries received by falling down a shaft while trying to prevent a fellow-miner, greatly under the influence of liquor, from being dashed to death, has lifted the veil from a strange story as was ever told, and has demonstrated in a remarkable manner that a mother's devotion knows no limit.

The accident has brought to light the fact that two people who have been working in the mine, and who have been supposed by all to be ignorant, low-born persons, with no ideas above their daily toll, were in reality members of a once prominent family in the capital of Russia, and that the one known as Michael Tarensky, and passing as the elder brother of the man who met his death in the shaft, was not his brother, but his mother, who fled with him from St. Petersburg many years ago, in order that the boy might escape the horrors of Siberian exile. Her sex was revealed by her actions when Nicholas was taken home fatally injured, and immediately after the funeral she disappeared, after having told her sad story to friends.

A number of years ago the family of Waldemar Horvitz was as prominent as any in St. Petersburg. Mr. Horvitz held a position under Czar Alexander II., and was closely related to Michael Bartholomew, the Russian Minister to the United States in 1880. He had a son, Gustave, a student at one of the St. Petersburg universities, who, being of a daring, reckless disposition, was induced to join a club made up of students, whose chief pastime was the hatching of plots, minor ones, to be sure, against the peace of mind of the Czar.

It was never charged that any of these plots ever amounted to anything serious, so far as undermining the government or imperilling the life of the ruler went, but the secret police with which Russia is filled, were of the opinion that the student club was a dangerous organization, and one night made a raid upon the room where the conspirators were. Many of the students were arrested, but several, including Gustave, escaped. Inside of twenty-four hours, however, all but young Horvitz had been taken, and a short time later were exiled. Horvitz was hidden by his mother in a room at the family residence.

At last the police learned of the young man's whereabouts and visited the house. Both Mr. and Mrs. Horvitz were present when the police arrived, and both protested that they knew nothing of their son's hiding place. But the courage of the mother was not equal to the strain, and her face revealed to the police her secret. They attempted by force to make her give up her son, and, as the first blow was struck and the quivering flesh showed red under its force, the husband, imperial officer though he was, sprang forward and struck to the ground the brute who had raised his hand against the woman.

In an instant confusion reigned supreme, and during the height of the trouble a revolver shot rang out, and Mr. Horvitz fell to the floor, mortally wounded, a bullet fired by one of the police having plowed its way into his chest, leaving a gaping hole, through which the life blood flowed in torrents. That night, after gathering together such valuables as they could easily carry, Mrs. Horvitz and her son, eluding the police and spies who surrounded them on every side, made their escape from St. Petersburg, Gustave dressed as a woman and passing for a servant of his mother.

This disguise was retained by the young man for a long time, and, as Mrs. Horvitz was plentifully supplied with money, the pair reached America in safety. In New York Gustave resumed his proper attire, and for a time all went well. Then the mother and son became convinced that spies were on their track and decided that New York was not a safe place for them.

Without saying good by to any of the friends they had made, Mrs. Horvitz and Gustave left the city and started for the West, there to lose themselves among hundreds of others who had left the old country to escape persecution in one form or another. Both mother and son were worn with anxiety, for capture meant Siberia for the young man, and the exile of the boy meant death for the mother.

Hounded at every turn, and always fearful of being betrayed in some way, Mrs. Horvitz at last resolved to lose her identity completely by appearing as a man. Cutting her hair close to her head and disfiguring her face so that her beauty was gone forever, she donned male attire, and in company with her son, who had also disguised himself to a certain extent, set out as a common laborer, calling herself Michael Tarensky and her companion Nicholas Tarovsky, her younger brother. Used as she was to luxury, the rough life she was forced to lead was almost too much for the delicate woman, but she lived on for the sake of her son, who would have given up the unequal contest long before but for his mother.

For a long time the two worked in the copper mines of Michigan, and had it not been for the secret of Mrs.

Horvitz's sex becoming public it is probable they would have been there to this day, as they were considered good workmen and good citizens. From Michigan Mike and Nicholas Tarensky, as they called themselves, came to Minnesota, and for the last few years have worked in the mines of the Mesaba range. Finally they sought work at the Franklin mine, and were successful in their search, and there they have remained until Nicholas lost his life.

For the past year or two mother and son, known all the time as the Tarensky brothers, have lived alone in a small house which Nicholas had erected on leased land at the edge of the mining location. They made but few friends, attended strictly to business, and during the strike last spring, when armed men were brought to the mine to protect the property against the threatened attack of the angry miners, did much toward preventing trouble and bloodshed by going among the strikers, Finns, for the most part, and arguing with them against the folly of coming in contact with the deputy sheriffs.

The little house occupied by the Tarenskys differed greatly from the cabin of the average miner. It was neat and clean, and during odd moments flowers had been planted just outside the door by the occupants. Inside an attempt had been made to beautify the place to a certain extent. A few pictures relieved the barrenness of the unpainted walls, and there were other evidences that "Mike" and "Nick" were used to better things than fall to the lot of iron miners on the Mesaba range.

Once or twice the superintendent of the mine called at the house on business, but beyond being politely greeted he was treated no differently from miners with whom the Tarenskys came in contact every day in the bowels of the earth. They asked no favors from any one, and were slow to extend any, except in the cases where the recipients were even in worse condition than themselves.

There was nothing feminine in the appearance of Michael Tarensky, but his voice often caused comment, on account of its being low and sweet, as compared with that of his companions. His clothing was of the coarsest, and his black hair was kept closely cropped. The secret of his sex was learned, however, when Nicholas was brought home from the mine, fatally injured, and since then dozens of people have been claiming that they knew all the time that something was wrong with the brothers.

Late in the afternoon, as Nicholas started to go down the shaft into the mine, he was brushed aside by an intoxicated Finnish miner, who insisted upon entering the cage first. The fellow was so dazed with liquor that he did not realize how close he was to the shaft. Missing his footing, he fell, and would have gone crashing to the bottom had not Nicholas seized him and hurried him back. As he did this Tarensky lost his own footing, and, with a wild cry, fell, down, down, striking the sides of the shaft at every turn. When picked up at the bottom of the mine, almost 220 feet below, the unfortunate fellow was found to be terribly mangled and crushed, but still alive. He was tenderly borne to his cabin, and Michael, who was working in another part of the mine, was called. The grief of Michael was terrible to witness, and soon the spectators of the sad scene realized that, instead of being the dying man's brother, as they had supposed, the weeping figure at the crushed man's side was his mother, who had cheerfully entered upon a life of slavery in order that she might bear near her only son, whose life and liberty were more to her than all the world, and cheer him in his dreary wanderings. Before the funeral was held Mrs. Horvitz discarded the man's clothing she had worn for so long, and ap-



Worked in the Mine in Man's Clothing.

peared in garments suitable to her sex, which had been furnished by some of the neighbors. She was called upon by some of the women here, but nothing could cheer her, and a few hours after the body of her son had been laid in the grave she disappeared. A search has since been in progress, for it is feared that the woman has made way with herself, but up to the present time no trace of her has been found.

POLICE GAZETTE, out January 23, a stunning supplement in colors. \$1 pays for 13 weeks' subscription. Supplement included. RICHARD K. FOX, publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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MINISTER RUNS A SALOON.

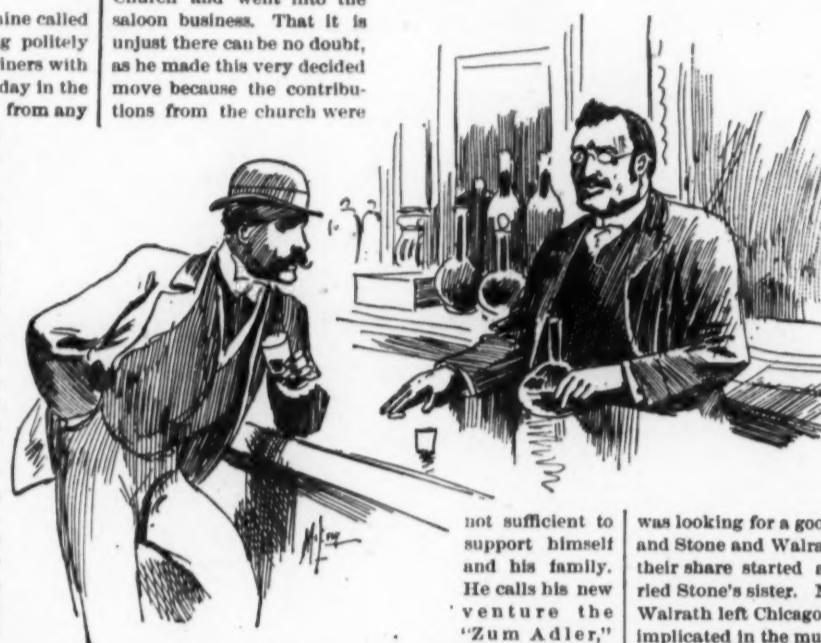
The Rev. J. Feicke, of Hoboken, Embarks in a New Business.

WHY HE LEFT THE PULPIT.

Could Not Live on the Salary and so He Became a Publican.

HIS BUSINESS IS GOOD, SO FAR.

The Rev. Julius Feicke, of Jersey City, has become the subject of considerable adverse criticism since he left his pastorate of the First German Evangelical Church and went into the saloon business. That it is unjust there can be no doubt, as he made this very decided move because the contributions from the church were



not sufficient to support himself and his family. He calls his new venture the "Zum Adler," and it is located at Garden and Sixth streets

Hoboken. It is a corner saloon in a neighborhood of churches which the Rev. Mr. Feicke conducts, and he harmonizes wonderfully well with his surroundings. He is a middle aged man, with small side whiskers cropping out in front of his ears, and he wears gold rimmed glasses, which do not harmonize very well with his barkeeper's jacket. He doesn't seem to regret the very radical departure he has made from the pulpit to the bar, from the lecture to the beer pump.

He has started in this business with the full approval of his wife, who is not above sitting in the saloon when business is dull and keeping her husband company.

Business with this man has been very good, so far, and he finds himself well on the road towards the support of his family. He cannot mix a fine cocktail yet, but he has books on the subject, and he hopes, by diligent application to the subject, to learn before long.

The fact that a great many of the former parishioners patronize his place serves to show that this German dominie is not so very far out of the way after all. He is fifty years old, and has been a minister for twenty years. He is a graduate of the University of Berlin, and taught in the high school in Hamburg for several years. He was ordained as the pastor of a small church in Altona, where he remained four years. He served a church in Sulzfeld, Westphalia, three years, and the Lutheran Reformed Church in Thalle, Westphalia, for thirteen years.

He came to this country on account of his rheumatism. He had a pension from the German government, and that, with the \$900 he received from his Jersey City congregation, was not enough to support himself and his family.

EVICTED A PERSISTENT WOOER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

To be assaulted by an attractive girl simply because one has persistently wooed her is generally conceded to be "tough luck," but that is the experience which befell Daniel Gallagher, whose hands were severely burned late Sunday night while he was protecting himself against the strokes of a red-hot poker, which, he claims, was wielded by his charmer and a female friend. Behind this incident is a remarkable story of love and comedy.

He became enamored of a handsome young woman who lives on South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., and notwithstanding he was snubbed most unmercifully he still continued his visits. The last time he called was a few nights ago, and it seems the object of his adoration was ready for him with compressed lips, a strong determination and a hot poker. He didn't go at first, but the poker helped him along, and by the time the iron was cold he was ready for treatment. His love cooled with the poker.

FRANK GARRARD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A rising young pugilist whose past record justifies the prediction that he will some day get into the champion's circle is Frank Garrard of Illinois. Garrard's record includes defeats of Tommy Morgan, three rounds; Billy Dugan, three rounds; George Sisson, two rounds; George McArthur, two rounds; George Dan, two rounds; John A. Sullivan, three rounds; John A.

Sullivan, second time, seven rounds; George Allen, two rounds. Fought Billy Vernon, the Haverstraw brickmaker, fifteen rounds to a draw; Owen Zeigler six rounds to a draw; defeated Billy Steifers, three rounds; defeated by Eddie Connelly, three rounds.

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JEM SMITH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In another column may be found an account of Jem Smith's victory over Dick Burge at the National Sporting Club recently. Smith once enjoyed the distinction of being the heavyweight champion of England, and it was he whom Jake Kilrain went to France to fight. Frank P. Slavin has just challenged Smith to fight again for the championship of England.

A LIFE OF CRIME.

Confession Made by a Former Member of the Dalton Gang.

William Stone, formerly a member of the Dalton gang, under sentence of ten years for shooting Deputy Sheriff Harold, has confessed to committing murders in Chicago, Cleveland, Kansas City and several other places. His story is one of a life of murder, burglary, train and stage robbery, and is a startling confession.

Stone says that he and his partner, William Walrath, killed a man at Kansas City in 1883 and robbed him, but later gave the money to Henry Donnelly, a policeman, for protection. He confesses to the murder of Mrs. Stewart and her son Clarence in Cleveland. The bodies were cut to pieces and thrown into Lake Erie. He says the following morning he killed a boy in the Big Four yards in Lindale, Ohio.

In Buffalo he and Walrath and a man named Burns, a saloon keeper, killed a wealthy western farmer who was looking for a good time. The money was divided and Stone and Walrath returned to Chicago and with their share started a restaurant. Here Walrath married Stone's sister. Mrs. Walrath died and Stone and Walrath left Chicago. Later Stone returned and was implicated in the murder of a father and son named Prunty. Three men are said to now be serving life sentences at Joliet for the crime, but Stone was not arrested.

He then tells of a murder at Dunkirk, N. Y., where Duffy stabbed a pal, "Buffalo Jack," four times and buried him in the woods. Another murder was committed at Union City, Pa., the victim being an old man named Horton. Another murder was committed by the trio near Youngstown, Ohio, the victim being a resident of Ashtabula. The last murder committed by Stone and Walrath was on April 29, 1895, on Pennsylvania freight train. At this time Stone was shot and did not get medical aid until South Bend was reached. The next desperate act of the trio was the robbery of a Grand Trunk train in Michigan, where five watches and money were secured.

MAHER GOT MAD.

Denies the Report that He is To Wed an Actress.

While Peter Maher was in Philadelphia last week a sensational story was printed in one of the New York dailies to the effect that the Irish champion was engaged to be married to a variety actress now performing at a New York theatre.

"I am not engaged to be married to an actress or any other woman," said the champion to the **POLICE GAZETTE** representative, "and I wish you would deny the report in the most positive terms. There is not one word of truth in the story, and not only am I not under promise to marry this particular actress, but to the best of my recollection have never met her. The newspapers have treated me first-class so far, and if they will stick to criticizing my ability in the ring they can say anything they want about me, but they have no right to publish such reports."

Peter added that he is not going to enter into a matrimonial contract with any one, and that the only contract he now has on hand is with Fitzsimmons, which will keep him busy for a time at least.

Ready January 7th, 1896. The Police Gazette Sporting Annual. Price, 25 cents. Order your copy in advance from your newsdealer or from this office. RICHARD K. FOX, publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

TRYED TO BITE HER FRIENDS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Nettie Smith, 17 years old, employed in the packing room of Johnson & Johnson's factory, at New Brunswick, N. J., began without any warning one morning, recently, to scratch and bite herself and her companions. She made noises which to the ears of her companions sounded like the snarling of a dog, and great excitement resulted, because it was thought she must have hydrophobia.

In her fury she attacked Misses Agnes Dooley, Maggie Stevens, Nellie Vannote and Lizzie Patent, who had been at work near her. Some of them show marks of her teeth or nails. When it was found that she was uncontrollable her mother was sent for and also a doctor. She subsequently came to her senses and was assisted to her home in Albany street by her mother. Miss Smith has never been bitten by a dog, and it has not been decided what was the matter with her. It may have been only hysterics, but, if so, it was an unusually severe case.

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DANCED FOR THE SENATORS.

Little Egypt and Anita Make a Hit Before Albany Solons.

WAS THE COOCHEE-COOCHEE.

Legislators Pay \$10 Each to Witness a Remarkable Exhibition.

THERE WAS A DINNER LATER.

The two very beautiful and lithesome young women who are pictured on this page as dancing out the steps of a very familiar measure known as the coochee-coochee, are not by any means the creatures of the artist's imagination. The originals are flesh and blood and are so much in demand that they are constantly scurrying from one place to another with their costumes packed in ridiculously small satchels, in order to keep pace with the popular demand for their combined presence. Their names are Little Egypt and Anita.

An indulgent nature has peculiarly fitted them for their work, and when they appear it seems as though nothing in life was lacking.

Their latest engagement was in Albany. The senators up there, burdened with the tremendous weight of State business, felt that they needed a relaxation in the shape of some novel diversion not to be had at home so half a dozen of them got together and consulted a very wicked man who knew all about the world and only dabbled in affairs of state in an incidental way. They told him they wanted a little entertainment—something entirely out of the ordinary, something that couldn't be seen in an ordinary theatre. And they also hinted that they were willing to pay a little extra for it. He brightened up immediately, and he looked thoughtful for a moment or so. Then the idea came to him.

"Little Egypt and Anita!" he said, like a man who has been sitting up all night trying to solve a difficult problem and who has at last succeeded.

"Who are they?" asked an up-country senator with fine white whiskers.

"Why," said the wicked man, "they are the real things. Coochee-coochee. Tum-te-tum-te-tum. You know," and he swayed his body from side to side with a most suggestive movement.

"Can you get them?"

"In a minute," he replied, falling into the slang of the hour.

"How much will it cost?" asked a senator with thin lips and whose eyes were set so close together as to show his disposition.

"About \$10 each" answered the wicked one.

So these staid gentlemen got together—eight of them—and concluded with sundry grins and grimaces that \$10 each would be dirt cheap for a show like that. So they told the wicked one to bring on his Oriental beauties and turn them loose.

In due time the two young women arrived. They went to a room which had been provided for the entertainment by the man of affairs, and there dressed. Not that, exactly, for undress would be better, and when they were ready, a nimble-fingered pianist who was up in profane music, sounded the opening chords of the wicked dance. With writhing bodies and twitching muscles Anita and Little Egypt stepped out the measure while the senators looked on in open mouthed astonishment at the wonderful contortions of the dancers. Louder and louder banged the piano, more and more rapid the abdominal muscles of the dancers twirled. Their eyes gleamed with the excitement of it all, and their bosoms heaved with tantalizing irregularity. With a crash of chords the dance ceased, and as the pair glided away laughing into another room, the silence was broken by a long drawn out sigh from the senator with the white whiskers.

"I've seen a good many things in my day," he murmured to the man sitting next to him, as he contemplatively knocked the ashes off his perfecto, "but this tops them all. I wouldn't have missed it for a thousand."

After the dance there was a little dinner and the wicked one sat at the head of the table, with Little Egypt on one side and Anita on the other, while the senators bunched up as close as possible.

The evening was a brilliant success and now they say the wicked man can get any bill passed that he likes.

Next week the portrait of Little Egypt in costume and a portrait of Anita will be published in the POLICE GAZETTE.

LAZARUS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Lazarus is a strong man, phenomenally strong in fact. He is twenty-five years old, weighs 130 pounds and stands 5 feet 2 inches in height. He is a Russian. He claims credit for being able to press up a 140-pound bar bell with one hand and 200 pounds with both a wonderful feat considering the weight of the man.

THRASHED HER RIVAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A highly sensational incident has come to light in Indianapolis which involves the coroner of the county, a physician of much prominence, and a young woman of good family living on Brookside avenue. The coroner has a wife and family and there has been considerable trouble between him and his wife over his alleged relations with the young woman, but he contended that there was no cause for jealousy, on the part of his wife

and continued to maintain his friendship despite her entreaties. The coroner's aged mother, who lives with him, was quite as much grieved as was his wife, it seems, and when she had reason to suspect that he was preparing to meet the young woman she determined to follow him to the tryst.

She saw the young woman standing near the corner of Delaware and Ohio streets and took a position a few steps away. When the doctor drove up he saw his mother and did not stop, but she was determined to see the thing through and followed the buggy for several squares. As her son drove by her she asked him to stop and he did so, and she began to plead with him to return to his wife and not disgrace the family. The doctor became angry and started the horse while his mother's foot was on the step of the buggy, and she was thrown to the ground. He drove away and she hobbled to a car and went home. She reported to her daughter-in-law what had occurred, and the latter made her way at once to the residence of the young woman on Brookside avenue.

There she waited for nearly an hour for the return of her rival, and when she appeared she flew at her with her umbrella and pounded her over the head and face till the offender escaped into the house and shut the door.

COLLEGE GIRLS FIGHT FIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

To Massachusetts belongs the credit of the first woman's fire brigade, and it is because of that small company of intrepid young women that the Mount Holyoke Seminary, at South Hadley, Mass., was recently saved from destruction. The fire broke out in the room of Miss Elizabeth Shearer, on the fourth floor.

The girls from the next room ran in and tried to help her smother the flames before the brigade arrived, by putting their own mattress on the other. This did harm rather than good, and soon the two beds, as well as a dozen sofa pillows, were blazing beautifully. Then the fire brigade, which had been well drilled, got to work. The costumes of the girls were unique and striking, but that seemed to make no difference, for inside of five minutes they had the fire under control and in a very short time afterward it was completely out.

A few of the younger girls were a trifle disconcerted, although few were very much frightened.

Some queer tales are told of the doings of those not of the fire brigade, and many a good laugh the girls have had over them. A vain young fresh man, who is very fond of dress, stood in the door of her room, clad most artistically in a short red skirt, a pale blue tea

"Can you get them?"

"In a minute," he replied, falling into the slang of the hour.

"How much will it cost?" asked a senator with thin lips and whose eyes were set so close together as to show his disposition.

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TOO EAGER TO SEE THE PARADE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Emma Hurley, of Bridgeton, N. J., was very anxious to get a good view of the big parade of the Junior Mechanics, so she climbed out a second-story window to the awning at Grosscup's store. From this point of vantage she enjoyed the passing show. Unfortunately, however, the awning has a glass skylight, and Miss Hurley found it with altogether unexpected suddenness. Her feet shot through it just as she was enjoying the music and the sight of the parades, and down she went. The fall might have resulted seriously but for the fact that a crowd of men were on the sidewalk beneath the awning and gallantly broke her fall.

Ready The Police Gazette Sporting Annual. Price, January 25 cents. Order your copy in advance from 7th, K. Fox, publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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FATE OF A COFFEE DRINKER.

A Woman of Fort Dodge Suffering From Delirium Tremens.

SHE NEVER DRANK LIQUOR.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases Known in the Records of Medicine.

HER FRIENDS HORROR STRICKEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Perhaps one of the most remarkable cases with which a physician has had to deal is that of a woman of Fort Dodge, Ia., well known as a temperance agitator, who was prostrated with what the attending physician called delirium tremens. When Dr. Nichols, of that town, was called hurriedly, a short time ago, to attend a woman who seemed suffering from the most horrible

and she always had it on the fire, ready to drink whenever she felt like it."

"And didn't it make her feel bad?"

"It did lately, doc. She found she wanted more of it all the time; her hands used to shake, and she complained that her eyes were getting queer like. Then the other day she made up her mind it was the coffee that was hurting her, and she said she'd give it up altogether. So she did. She was a self-willed woman, and when she concluded not to drink any more coffee she was bound to have her way. I saw it was makin' her ill and I told her as much, but it wa'n't no use."

"Strange! Strange!" muttered the doctor.

He was still unconvinced and summoned other physicians to consider the remarkable case. They agreed with him that the symptoms were unmistakably those of delirium tremens and that delirium tremens had never, in all the records of pathology, been caused by anything but alcohol.

Consultation after consultation was held and experiment after experiment made. It was observed that during the intervals of the patient's delirium she craved most fiercely for coffee. When coffee was administered to her she exhibited precisely the symptoms shown by an ordinary delirium tremens patient who is given whiskey. She had no desire for alcohol at all and refused to touch it.

It was established on unimpeachable evidence that the woman had many times striven to break herself of the coffee habit without success, and that on the occasion preceding her alarming outbreak she had dispensed with the beverage for two whole days, suffering acutely meanwhile.

Send 25 cents for "The Life and Battles of James J. Corbett," champion heavyweight of America.

A GROUP OF ARMY SPORTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Every troop in every branch of the United States service embraces some single individual who has won distinction at some branch of sport, but it is seldom that one organization embraces so many sporting celebrities as Troop F, of the Ninth U. S. Cavalry, now located in Utah. The group on another page comprises the portraits of Troop F favorites.

No. 1—Sergt. Alonso W. Strother, Troop F, Ninth Cavalry, whose skill with a revolver is known throughout the army. He enlisted in the service in 1888, and qualified as a sharpshooter in 1890, 91, 92-93 and '94. The first year he represented his troop in 1891, at the cavalry competition at Bellevue Rifle Range, Nebraska. He won the second silver medal in 1892. He won the first gold medal in 1893; he won the first gold medal, which makes him a distinguished revolver shot, with the highest honors of the army; he was born in Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 26, 1869. The greater part of his life was spent in the quiet little town of Warrenton, Ga., where his parents have resided since 1872.

No. 2—Anderson Chenault, born in Mt. Sterling, Ky., in 1874, and entered the service in 1893. He shows himself to be quite a cyclist, and is willing to meet any rider in Utah, from 100 yards to 1 mile, for a neat purse of \$250 or less.

No. 3—Alexander H. Holmes, born in Lexington, Ky., in 1872, shows himself to be a sprinter of some note. On July 4 he met and easily defeated five starters in the 100-yard dash, in 11½ seconds; in the 150-yard dash he met and easily defeated the same field in the fast time of 16 seconds.

Nos. 4, 5 and 6—Andrew Murray, John Cooper and Patrick Ross, backers and trainers, who are anxious to match their men against anything in Utah (Holmes from 100 to 250 yards, Chenault from ¼ to 1 mile). This group had \$600 to wager on James J. Corbett in his fight with Lancy Bob.

ALMOST LANDED IN THE POT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Balloonists sometimes land in queer places for the simple reason that they cannot always regulate their motive power. It has remained for Miss Fay Donaldson to make as sensational a descent to mother earth as one would wish. She made her ascent at Palatka, Fla. The wind carried her to the southward, and after she had sailed about a dozen miles she cut the parachute-loose and began to drop in a clearing on the St. Johns river; a group of negroes were boiling their dinner in a pot in front of a log cabin, and before they were aware of her presence Miss Donaldson was upon them. They rushed in all directions, terror stricken, and in the excitement the pot of rabbit stew was upset.

Mlle. d' ARY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A French actress spends her life working out three ideas: How to make a hit with the public, how to dress well, and how to pose effectively before the camera. That Mlle. d' Ary has reached the height of her ambition, so far as posing is concerned, there can be no doubt. She has given us a new sensation with her latest picture and she is happy.

HER CLOTHES CAUGHT FIRE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

During the progress of a church fair at Wooster, O., an immense crowd was packed into the city armory, when a lamp in one of the booths exploded, setting fire to the draperies and the clothing of Miss Myrtle Elzer, an attendant. A rush for the single exit followed, in which dozens of women and children were trampled on. Fully 100 persons jumped or were thrown from windows, many being badly cut by glass.

Mrs. Carey McKee, of Jefferson, was thrown through a window, sustaining injuries which will probably prove fatal.

Jennie Putnam, a 10-year-old cripple, could not help herself and received internal injuries, which will cause her death.

Mrs. Milford Snyder and Mrs. Sharp were trampled on by the crowd.

Many others were more or less injured.

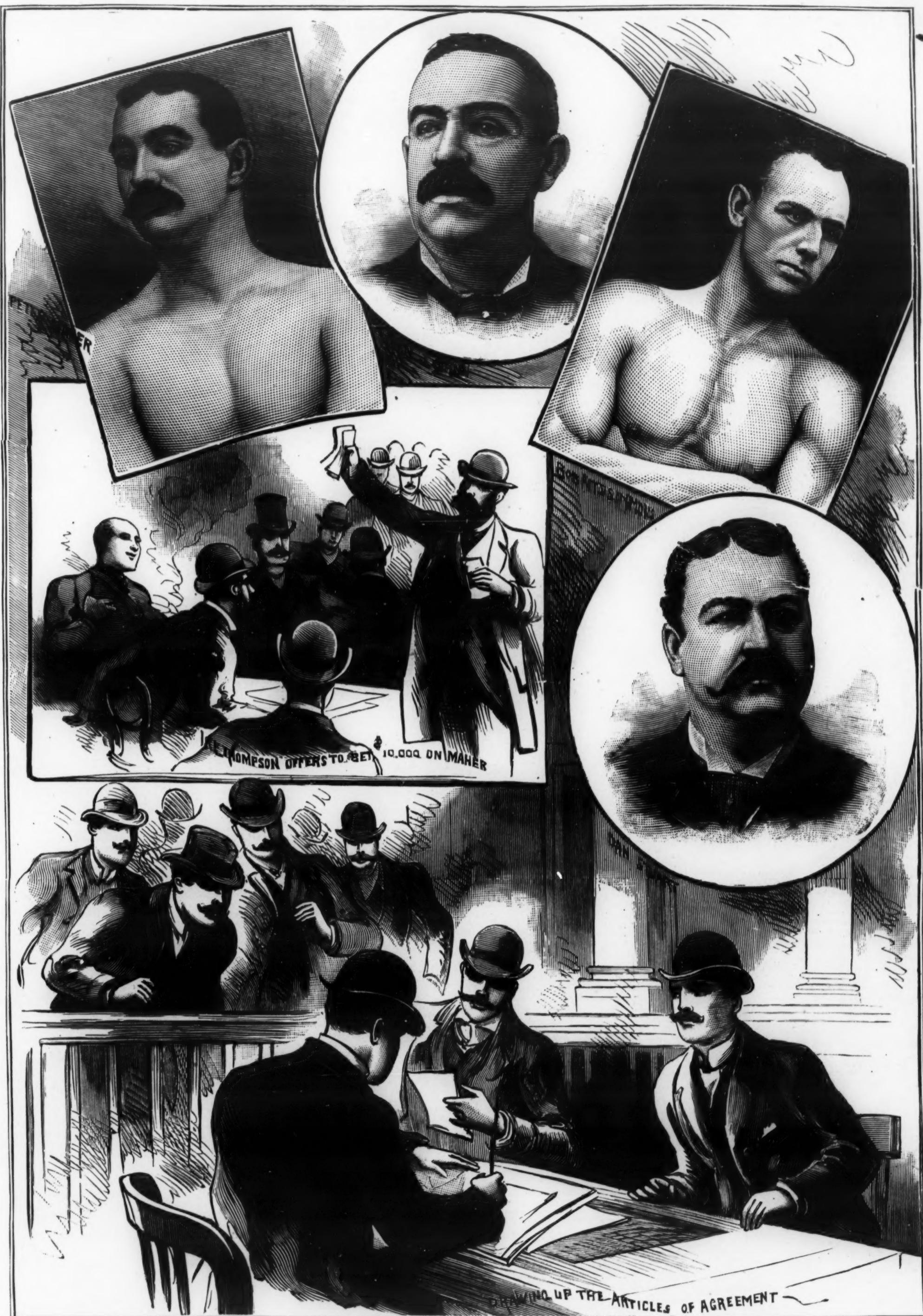
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Not with tonics, but by judicious exercise. All the leading Athletics Club endorse the "Police Gazette" Boxing Gloves. We have them in three grades—Amateur, Exhibition and Champion. Address, RICHARD K. FOX, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York.



ALMOST LANDED IN THE POT.

A FAIR AERONAUT WHO ASCENDED FROM PALATKA, FLA., IN A BALLOON MAKES A SUDDEN DESCENT IN A NEGRO CAMP ON THE ST. JOHNS RIVER.



MAHER AND FITZSIMMONS MATCHED TO FIGHT.

DRAWING UP THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT FOR A PURSE OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AND
THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPIONSHIP BELT.

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

GETTING READY FOR RACING.

Athletic Officials Open Their Eyes to Glaring Instances of Professionalism.

BICYCLES AS A MILITARY AGENT.

Racing in the East next season promises to be of a character comparatively like those prosperous conditions enacted in the palmy days of the game a decade ago.

Preparations are already well advanced. As a matter of fact, the stakes of the Coney Island Jockey Club will be announced within the next few days. They will close early in January. The stakes of the Brooklyn Jockey Club will also be given out shortly. Morris Park's spring events, however, have not yet been fully decided upon. When ready to be made known they will be found to be quite as attractive as any to be decided in this section.

All the prominent events that have been feature of the Sheephead Bay meeting will be retained, including the Suburban Handicap. The conditions may be modified, and there may be some little change in the amounts of added money. The Suburban of last spring was worth \$5,000. It is hardly likely that its value next year will be below this amount.

A good many stories have been floating around of late as to changes in track management next year and possible complications resulting therefrom. These are merely conjectural rumors. That the Jockey Club may advance some reforms calculated to improve the tone of racing is more than probable, but just what may be done in this respect will not be known until after the annual meeting in January.

While the law permits racing in this State from April 15 to November 15, it seems to be the opinion of those who should know that the season in this vicinity is not likely to begin much before the usual time—May 15.

The racing season just closed has shown the wisdom of appointing level headed, practical men as paid stewards for it is as much the duty of the powers that be to protect the innocent as it is within their province to ferret out and punish wrong doing when there is anything done that calls for such action. But, "there is not one in fifty of those so-called experts" in the minds of what are perfectly straight. The experts whom are risking money they cannot afford to lose.

The turf, like everything else, has among its followers men of all kinds, but the great majority of horsemen are square men, and this eternal cry of "job," which is the sum total of the criticism of certain scribes, ought to be put a stop to.

Where a glaring case of inconsistency occurs, and the other usual surroundings point to a job, then let the parties to any such fraudulent and unsportsmanlike business be punished if found guilty, no matter who they may be; but in the name of manliness and fair play, do not condemn a man or any body of men because a horse does not run within seven ounces of his best form for eight months in the year.

The eyes of the baseball world opened wide with astonishment the other day when it transpired that A. G. Spalding has decided to enter baseball politics again, and in the future will attend all meetings of the National League as a representative of the Chicago Club. James A. Hart will also represent Chicago, but he will take his orders from Mr. Spalding. This change of base on the part of the Chicago magnate is directly due to the actions of certain persons at the recent League meeting.

Spalding openly states that he is with the "Big Three" combine, composed of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and that it is his intention to do all in his power to protect the interests of the National League against the machinations of the old American Association clique, who appear to be anxious to run things just now. Spalding has always been a power in the League and can control more than one refractory member when it comes down to wire pulling. He has no love for several Western delegates who have, in more ways than one, attempted to knife him, and before he gets through there will be a merry time in the League ranks. In every effort that he makes for the interest of baseball he will be backed up strongly by the "Big Three," together with a few other clubs that are sitting on the fence. Spalding's loyalty to the League in the past has not been forgotten, and he will be welcomed back by those clubs that are strictly on the level in their business dealings.

A rather ugly story is going the rounds just now regarding the 9 to 8 vote on the resolution to blackball anybody who might turn against the League or the National agreement. It is said that the proxies of the Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Louisville and St. Louis clubs were held by certain delegates, and that they were cast in favor of the resolution, contrary to the wishes of the four clubs mentioned above. The resolution was sprung at the last moment, when the delegates from these four clubs were not present and had been informed that nothing but routine business would come up. If this story is true there will be a hot fight at the next meeting of the League, and certain "guardians of the game" will be called down.

Advances from Cincinnati are to the effect that the Cincinnati Jockey Club, who race at the Oakley course, contemplate making extensive improvements before next season, notwithstanding the fact that the track is conceded at the present time to be one of the best in this country. With Washington Park out of the way (there is little prospect that there will be racing at Chicago next year), there is no reason why Oakley should not be the center of the Western circuit. The liberal management has attracted the best horses in the country, and the sport witnessed last season was not surpassed by that seen at any other course.

That the officers of the A. A. U. are sincere in their avowed intention to sweep beyond the pale all athletes tainted with professionalism is becoming daily more apparent. A sensational stage in the reform movement was reached recently when Secretary Sullivan's attention was called to charges of professionalism made against M. F. Sweeney, the world's champion high jumper. Mr. Sullivan at once said that the matter would be sifted to the bottom, and that in the meantime he would himself protest. Sweeney should the latter compete or exhibit at any games before a verdict has been reached.

The charges are embodied in an article which appears in the current issue of the *Spirit of the Times*. After touching on the case of Hickok, the writer goes on to say:

"The British athlete who visited America this season have, since their return to England, repeatedly stated in conversation and in public print that M. F. Sweeney, Xavier A. A. and New York A. C., who won the running high jump in the international match last September, was a paid teacher of gymnastics. These statements have been widely printed and circulated throughout America, and neither Sweeney nor either club has published an authorized denial, it may fairly be assumed that the charge is true. This is a direct violation of amateur law, and the prescribed penalty is permanent expulsion from the amateur ranks."

"The duty of the A. A. U. in this case seems plain. First, inves-

tigate the matter thoroughly and learn whether Sweeney now is, or has been during the past season, a paid instructor of gymnastics. If the charge is proven several things must follow. Sweeney must be declared a professional, to date from his first receipt of payment for services as a teacher of gymnastics. He must be ordered to return all the prizes he has won since that day.

"It must be ascertained whether the officers of the New York A. C. knew that he was a professional, and if so, the resignation of that club from the Metropolitan Association should not be accepted without some reproof for their reprehensible conduct in putting a professional on their international team.

"The Xavier A. A. should also be disciplined for entering this man as an amateur when they knew him to be a professional, because they had made him one. And finally, Sweeney must be prevented from competing or exhibiting at any future games given under the rules of the A. A. U."

The recent race meeting at Pimlico (Baltimore), did not wind up as pleasantly nor agreeably as its projectors anticipated. From all that can be learned the affair was not as harmonious as appeared on the surface. G. Walbaum was the ostensible manager of the meeting, but it is now said that the financial man was "Tobe" Wall.

Mr. Walbaum had four books on. All of them lost money. And, as the story goes, the ex-King of Guttenberg was in anything but an amiable frame of mind. He objected constantly to the way the racing was conducted, intimating in forcible language that some of the horses were not run to win. Matters reached a climax on the Friday before the meeting ended.

One of the races did not suit Mr. Walbaum. He went to the judge's stand and expressed his opinion freely to that effect to Mr. Trevelyan, the Jockey Club steward. Mr. Walbaum became so violent and made so many allegations that it looked as if the meeting would come to an end then and there. In fact it was stated that Mr. Trevelyan threatened to ask telegraphic instructions from the Jockey Club as to his course in view of Mr. Walbaum's charges. However, at this point, Mr. Wall took a hand in the discussion, and that evening in town "Ike" S. Thompson also intervened. The scene between Messrs. Thompson and Walbaum is said to have been one of unusual brilliancy in its pyrotechnic display of language. The final result was that Mr. Walbaum apologized to Mr. Trevelyan, and there the matter ended.

Mr. Wall is reported to have lost some little money on the meeting due mainly to the unfavorable weather. It is the present intention to give an early spring meeting at Pimlico.

Interest in college aquatic affairs will be augmented when it is known that the Harvard and Cornell crews will in all probability meet in a struggle for supremacy this year. The points about to be settled are place, date and distance. Harvard naturally prefers New London or Springfield, while Cornell prefers some place in New York State, either Lake Saratoga, Lake George, Troy or Poughkeepsie. The place making the best offer as to accommodations of rowers will likely pull the races.

Cornell is deeply interested in the settlement of the dates of the Harvard race and triangular race with Pennsylvania. Cornell will go abroad since upon this largely rests whether Cornell will go abroad this season to row at Henley. The distance of the race is a point of vital importance, since it is under discussion to change it from four miles to six. It has been noticed that races are invariably held at the three-mile mark, and the fourth mile is merely an extra strain on the men without any good results. Capt. Freshorn said that Cornell can row one distance as well as another, but he is certainly in favor of the three-mile course for the reason of it being a sufficient test. The triangular race will undoubtedly be argued for three miles.

The military bicycle test between New York and Washington more than made good the requirement that the distance of 24½ miles should be covered in twenty-four hours.

It is said, however, that Gen. Ruger is still unassured that it will be possible to bring the bicycle into general use in the army.

There is good reason for his lack of confidence. The bicycle as it exists to-day is perhaps the best means of taking healthful exercise ever invented, but its limitations are soon reached. Better than a horse on a smooth and level road, capable of almost unlimited speed down hill, it is much inferior to walking on a hilly road where the up grades are frequent and steep. On a "dirt" road in the usual condition of country roads a mule is much more comfortable, more reliable and in the long run faster as a mount. Across country, where footpaths are continually running into wire fences, the bicyclist is worse than helpless.

All such inconveniences and shortcomings are not to be mentioned when the wheel is considered as an instrument of pleasure and everyday usefulness, but in the rough country where battles are usually fought no general is likely to risk the fate of the country on a bicycle message while the telegraph, the railroad or a horse is in reach.

The bicycle of the present is never likely to be generally used as a mount for troops. The bicycle of the present is not that of the future, however. The twentieth century wheel will undoubtedly be driven by a motor.

DOMINO.

TWOULD BE A GREAT EVENT.

What would undoubtedly be the athletic event of the decade would be a meeting between M. F. Sweeney, holder of the world's high jump record, 6 feet 5½ inches, and J. F. Ryan, who holds the European record of 6 feet 4½ inches. It is well known that such a meeting is Sweeney's ambition, and, although he is too modest to anticipate a victory, he feels confident that the winner would have to jump higher than mortal man ever got before without aid. Sweeney, who does most of his training indoors, has to use great discretion to prevent the accumulation or stiffening of muscle, and he feels that another season of all-around gymnastics will interfere with his jumping powers. I have reason to believe that he has refused a highly remunerative position in gymnastics in order to insure, if possible, a decisive competition with Ryan. The latter is regarded as invincible on the other side, and in recent years he has never met a jumper capable of exceeding him. The same applies to Sweeney in this country, and should this marvelous pair ever meet it is safe to assume that the high jump standard will reach a limit which a few years ago would have been regarded as impossible.

TO REVIVE CROSS-COUNTRY SPORT.

Amateur Athletic Clubs Have Begun to Take up Paper Chasing.

It is said to be the intention of a few devotees of long-distance running to try and revive paper chasing as a sport. If Americans wish to excel at sports requiring stamina and endurance there is no better method of cultivating these qualities than cross-country running. C. H. Bean of Boston, and the late W. D. Day, of New Jersey, are the only first-class long-distance runners this country has produced, owing mainly, I think, to the fact that this branch of athletics is so little pursued.

It is regrettable that cross-country running is not better supported as it is one of the most enjoyable and healthful exercises. In England many football players, cyclists, sprinters and other athletes have an occasional slow run, which keeps them in condition through the winter, so that when they start hard training in the spring they are in a measure prepared for it.

Those athletes who rest entirely from the end of the flat racing season to the beginning of the next always find the first few weeks of training very irksome and severe. Many English clubs offer special prizes for the first footballer, cyclist and novice, and also a prize to the club with the largest muster. Another pleasant feature in connection with the sport is the smoking concerts which usually follow the runs, and are generally attended by many old cross-country runners who still like to identify themselves with their favorite pastime.

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POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

SPECIAL NOTICE

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NEWSDEALERS AND CARRIERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

All are invited to take up the sale of the

Police Gazette.

As a money-maker it heads the list of all weeklies. Bright, newsy, up to date, it sells on its merits wherever introduced. Advertising matter furnished on application. Address

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,

The Fox Building,

Franklin Square, New York.

for he met Corbett? Did he and Jack Burke ever fight and which whipped?....Yes, by John L. Sullivan the first time they met. Police interfered. Sullivan given decision by Dominick McCaffrey. 2. Yes, three times; a draw in each instance.

C. O. S., Bloomington, Ind.—Did James Corbett, at the Maher-O'Donnell fight, forfeit the belt and championship of the world to Peter Maher?....In congratulating Maher he announced his retirement as champion in Maher's favor. This he had no right to do. Championships are fought for, not presented.

L. F., Silver City, Idaho.—Can a man take an exposed card after the draw in a game of draw poker?....It depends altogether on the rules of the house you are playing in. Some places decide you must take an exposed card after the draw, others again compel you to accept the last card. There is no specific rule on this subject.

H. R., Waterbury, Conn.—C bets H that Griffis wins the fight; the fight was a draw. How is the bet decided? On bets where odds have been given on a fight, if it is a draw how is the bet decided? Is the money divided, or is it returned to each party?....Money is returned. Bookmaking rules on a dead heat in a horse race, say, divide the bet equally.

Poum, Leadville, Col.—In a game of draw poker A has checks and takes money out of his pocket to play against B. A wins the amount of the money from B in checks and puts the money back in his pocket again. B gets a hand against A and calls the money from A out of his pocket again but A refuses?....If the game is table stakes, B is right.

W. T., Harve, Mont.—A, B, C and D are playing cribbage. A and C and D and B playing partners; C plays 2 spot, making 26; D plays ace, making 27; A cannot play; B plays 3, making 30 with run of 3; C cannot play; D plays ace, making 31. Has D run of three, making 31 with 5 holes?....No. The play is 2-1-3-1, therefore the last ace makes no sequence.

B. F., Wellington, O.—Did Robert Fitzsimmons ask Jack Dempsey to quit any time during their fight? Did Maher and Fitzsimmons fight in heavyweight or middleweight class? What made Maher quit during this fight?....1. Yes; he said "stop Jack, I don't want to hit you any more," or something to that effect. 2. Catch weights. 3. Because he was beaten.

J. I. C.,—Did William A. Brady and Corbett's first wife ever play partner part in "Gentleman Jack"? Is the new American steamship St. Louis owned by the United States Government or by a private corporation? Did Riley Grannan ever make any bets on the races at the Fair Grounds track at St. Louis?....1. No. 2. A private corporation. 3. Yes.

A. V. W., Newcastle, Ind.—Was Fitzsimmons ever whipped, if so who by and where at? Did Jim Hall knock him out? Is Griffis in Dixon's class? Did Peter Jackson knock out Jim Smith? If so, at and on how many rounds and what rules? How old is Dixon?....1. Jim Hall, in Australia. 2. Fitz says he "laid down" to Hall for \$15. 3. No, he is a lightweight. 4. Yes; 2 rounds in London; Quisenberry rules. 5. 25 years.

J. B. A., North Yankton, Wash., A and C are playing stud poker; after second card fall B high, and bets \$2; C and A call him; this continues until fifth card falls, when B has a pair of queens, A a pair of kings, A an ace high and no pair; B is first to bet, but being all up, can do nothing; C passes; A bets \$25; C decks his hand. Who wins the bet?....B wins the pot.

J. F. O'H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Did Orange would win the game to be played against the Crescents on Saturday, Nov. 16. They did not play but Crescent appeared on the ground and claimed the game by default. The bet was made on that game and not on the winner of the trophy for which there were to be three games played?....The bet was off if no game was played.

T. F. C., Bridgeport, Conn.—A, B and C shake a game of poker dice; A shakess 35; D bets 35 would not be beaten; B shakess 52 and decides not to leave it; picks up two deuces and gets no more; leaves three fives; C shakess and does not beat 35. Who wins?....I should decide it a draw. As you state the case D would lose, but if B heard the bet made he should have left the 52 so D would have won, but it looks as if A and C were cheating.

B. L. F., Honolulu, H. I.—A bets B that a man can stand on the floor or ground and throw a double somersault; that is, to leave the floor or ground and make two complete revolutions in the air before alighting on the ground again, and this feat is to be performed without any assistance whatever. B contends that the feat has never been performed and is a physical impossibility?....Expert gymnasts claim that the trick cannot be performed.

E. W., New York.—The game is muggins; W bets K that if K blocks the game, and both W and K show hands and count pios, and each finds that they have 32 points each, does W get the count by K blocking it, or does K get it, or is the count off by being a tie? K and W are playing for money, and K is ahead, can W buy pieces to play with if he has pieces of same suit in his hand to play with, or must he play pieces he has in his hand? K claims W must play his piece without buying?....1. It is a tie; neither gets it. 2. He must play if he can, and is not allowed to buy.

AL SMITH GOT THE MONEY.

The True Story of Riley Grannan's Plunge Leaks Out.

Al Smith, the well-known sporting man, says he is the man who won heavily from Riley Grannan, the turf plunger, in a card game in New York recently. Mr. Smith, however, asserts that the play was fair and square from start to finish, and that no notes were given. He had two sittings with Grannan at casino, and the final meeting was at faro. Mr. Smith tells the story as follows:

"The third time we played Grannan proposed faro, and suggested that we make two deals each and alternate as player and dealer. We did so, and played at a place he selected. The play see-sawed without a decided advantage to either. In the final play Grannan proposed to deal for me without a limit. That in itself is a decided advantage, as any player that understands faro can tell you. At the time the proposition was made I was behind in the total play. I accepted his proposal, and as fortune favored me toward the finish Grannan's losses were at one time upward of \$70,000. Before the play was ended, however, his total losses on his entire play with me were about \$32,000."

ROEBER DRAWS WITH BERNAU.

The Texas Man Broke a Rib After Each Gaining Fall.

The wrestling match between Roebert, of the Fitzsimmons' combination, and Bernau, for the championship of the world, Graceland-Roman style, occurred last week at Harmony Hall, in Galveston, Tex., before an audience of 1,000 people. Bernau, the local athlete, broke one of his lower ribs on the right side by falling on Roebert's

EXTRA!**MAHER WILL FIGHT.**

Articles Drawn up to Meet Fitzsimmons on Feb. 14

FOR DAN STUART'S PURSE

And the "Police Gazette" Championship Belt.

BATTLE GROUND AT EL PASO.

The Irishman is the Favorite in the Betting.

LOOKS LIKE A VERY EVEN AFFAIR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Peter Maher and Bob Fitzsimmons are matched to box to a finish for the championship of the world, a \$10,000 purse hung up by Dan A. Stuart, of Dallas, and the "Police Gazette" Championship Belt. The arrangements were consummated without any display of feeling, oratorical fireworks or quibbling over technicalities. There were no differences involved that could not be settled by a brief and courteous exchange of views, no technicalities to complicate the conditions under which the contest shall be decided. Fitzsimmons and Maher each expressed a desire to meet, and had instructed their respective representatives to waive any point that would tend to create a deadlock and interfere with the match.

So, when Dan Stuart, who had the Australian's power of attorney in his pocket, and John J. Quinn, representing Peter Maher, met in the corridor of the St. James Hotel last Friday afternoon it was with an absolute understanding that they were there to transact business. No time was, therefore, wasted, and the match will go upon record as being the most easily and quickly arranged affair in the history of pugilism.

Stuart was leaning against one of the columns in the corridor of the hotel when Quinn sauntered in. After saluting each other and shaking hands Quinn said: "Well, Mr. Stuart, I'm here on behalf of Peter Maher to make a match with Fitzsimmons. What purse will you give?"

"Ten thousand dollars," replied the big Texan in an off-hand way.

"Can't you make it fifteen thousand?"

"No."

"What about a side stake?" asked Quinn.

"Fitzsimmons has no money to put up for a side stake." "All right, then; Peter wants to fight this fellow, and we won't do anything to prevent the match. When will it be convenient for you to meet me and draw up articles?"

"This afternoon—say, at half past four."

"All right," was Quinn's only reply, and the match was made.

Promptly at the time agreed upon Stuart and Quinn met, and before proceeding to business invited Sam Austin, the Sporting Editor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, to draw up the articles.

This was an easy matter, especially in view of the disposition manifested by both men to make all reasonable concessions. The three men sat at one of the desks in the reading room of the hotel, and discussed the points at issue in low tones. It was all done so quietly that few who thronged the hotel lobby knew that the managers of the two pugilists were at work arranging the details of a great championship battle.

The money end of the question having been nominally settled at the previous meeting, the master of selecting a date afforded a chance for a disagreement, had such a thing been contemplated. Heretofore it has been customary for the fighters with a predilection for theatrical advertising to demand at least a year's grace before the date upon which the issue is to be decided. Not so with Maher. "Select a date that suits you best, Mr. Stuart," said Quinn.

"How about February 14?"

"That falls on a Friday," said Joe Vendig, who had joined the group a moment before.

"Oh, that doesn't cut any figure with us," said the Pittsburgh man, laughing. "Peter isn't superstitious, but I'd like it a week or so later."

"That would bring it after the New Orleans Mardi Gras, and not so good for us," was Stuart's rejoinder.

"All right, then," said Quinn. "February 14," and so it was incorporated in the articles.

The question of gloves suggested to Stuart to ask Quinn how Peter would like to fight with bare knuckles. Quinn was of the opinion that as his man had never gone that style he might object. So five ounce gloves were agreed upon.

In the Corbett match the failure to provide for a date upon which the selection of a referee was, to be made complicated matters to a perplexing degree. It will be remembered that Fitzsimmons absolutely refused to either name or agree to the selection of an official until the morning of the proposed day of the contest. The omission gave either man an opportunity to prevent the meeting at the last moment by refusing to agree upon a referee. He nor Quinn will have no chance to quibble over this point for the reason that provision has been made for the selection of an official just one month prior to the date agreed upon for the contest. This point will probably not be disputed one in this affair. Quinn, having evinced a disposition to concede every point, will probably agree upon any one of a number of good men that Fitzsimmons may suggest. If there is however, any hitch and the men cannot come to any agreement on the date specified, the gentleman who is chosen to officiate as the final stakeholder will be empowered to make the selection. This will obviate the possibility of any trouble on that score and the public will therefore be assured that only an absolute back down on the part of one or the other of the contestants at the last moment can prevent the meeting. The selection of a battle ground is left to

Stuart, but it is needless to say almost that that part of the affair has already been attended to, and the incorporation of a clause referring to a battle ground was a mere matter of form. The place selected is not far from El Paso, Tex., and Stuart says that a duel could be fought there and an admission fee charged without interference. He is satisfied that the rival fighters will have no chance to quibble about not having a place to fight at. To reassure them, however, on this point Stuart himself suggested that a clause be incorporated in the articles of agreement to the effect that he would forfeit the whole \$10,000 purse if for any reason he was unable to pull the fight off either in public or private. This indicated his sincerity and he further displayed his magnanimity by insisting that in the event of either of the fighters failing to appear, the \$1,000 forfeit which they each agreed to put up shall go to the one who fulfills his part of the contract. This leaves Stuart entirely unprotected and liable for all the expense involved in bringing the affair to an issue.

A significant point in the agreement is that the entire purse shall go to the winner. The loser will get nothing but Quinn provided for the emergency of Maher being beaten by exacting from Stuart a promise that if his champion loses he will be given transportation for five people from Texas to Pittsburgh. "I intend to bet every dollar I own and can raise and borrow on this fight and I'm not a good walker," he said, by way of explanation.

Fitzsimmons will not have any chance this time to claim a share of whatever profits may result from the sale of privileges. While the arrangements for his proposed fight with Corbett were pending, it will be remembered that he declared his intention not to go into the ring unless the Florida Athletic Club agreed to let him share in all that was going. He even went so far as to say that a photographic concern should not take instantaneous pictures of the encounter unless he was guaranteed \$25,000 as his share; he also included himself in the peanut and lemonade privilege and nobody knows just how far he would have gone had any encouragement been given him. Stuart, to preclude the possibility of similar trouble from this source, has had it embodied in the articles of agreement that all privileges shall be at his own disposal and as Stuart had Fitzsimmons' authority to represent him in the matchmaking, it is assumed that he will have a perfect understanding with the latter regarding this important detail.

The full text of the articles of agreement is as follows:

Articles of agreement to govern a glove contest to a finish between Robert J. Fitzsimmons, of Newark, N. J., and Peter Maher, of Pittsburgh, Pa.:

First.—It is agreed by the persons above named that between noon and 6 o'clock on the 14th day of February, 1896, they will contest a fair, stand-up battle with five-ounce gloves, under Marquis of Queensberry rules, decide the heavyweight championship of the world; a purse of \$10,000 to be given by Dan A. Stuart, of Dallas, Tex., and the "Police Gazette" championship belt.

Second.—The said Dan A. Stuart agrees to deposit \$3,000 with a temporary stakeholder on this date, Dec. 5, 1895, the remaining \$7,000 to be deposited on Feb. 9, 1896, with a final stakeholder, to be selected by mutual agreement between the said Robert J. Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher, as parties of the first part, and Dan A. Stuart, party of the second part. The said final stakeholder to be selected on the 14th day of January, 1896. In the event of the said Fitzsimmons and Maher failing to agree upon a final stakeholder, the selection to be made by the said Dan A. Stuart.

Third.—Dan A. Stuart, on behalf of Robert J. Fitzsimmons, and

"Oh, I did not say it would be brought off in Mexico. I said near El Paso."

Corbett's anxiety to find out when Fitzsimmons has signed is explained by the probability of his intention to challenge the Australian to fight him in the event of his winning from Maher.

Before opening negotiations with the Maher people Stuart made an effort to induce Corbett to reconsider his action about retiring and offered as an inducement a purse of \$30,000 to fight the Australian. A meeting between Brady and Stuart took place on Dec. 4.

For a long time very many subjects were discussed, but finally it came Brady's turn to state his case. Stuart asked him if he would fight Fitz for a \$30,000 purse on Jan. 10, or none afterwards.

"I will not," said Corbett's manager, bluntly. "Jim has retired from the ring. But even if he had not stepped back he would require this monumental bluffer to put up some money before giving on any fighting talk for advertising purposes. He put Corbett to considerable expense and no end of annoyance. Now, then, let Fitz fight Maher, the Irish champion. He's willing to go ahead with him."

"But I'd prefer Corbett to box Fitz," put in Stuart.

"I dare say," answered Brady; "but if Fitz wants to fight he must first of all put up money. That is the usual preliminary to a match. Corbett's engagement will not permit of a fight just now, and until these engagements are over he will decline to listen to Fitz's bluffs unless something more than idle talk is shown. I'll tell you one thing," added Brady. "If Fitz whips Peter Maher he can get a fight with Corbett by putting up some money to show his sincerity. If Maher whips him, oh, well then we'll let it go at that, but perhaps Jim may take him on."

The matching of Fitzsimmons and Maher created no end of excitement in New York sporting circles. In the evening the corridor of the St. James hotel was thronged with sporting men all eager to learn the latest particulars about the affair. Stuart in his usual affable way consented to tell his plan. He said:

"I have a fine place selected. Headquarters will be at El Paso, which is naturally adapted for reaching the mill. Five trunk lines meet there. One thousand Mexicans alone will attend, and I will guarantee no fixie. The grounds will be under my control. We intend to profit by the Dallas experience and not build any amphitheatre. A number of circuses are in winter quarters at El Paso and we will use an immense circus canvas with a thirteen foot side wall. The seating capacity will be 25,000. Now this is going to be a final show down. Fitzsimmons is willing to fight. He went out on a tugboat with me on the Gulf of Mexico the other day to sign the articles of agreement in order to avoid legal technicalities."

While this talk was going on Ike Thompson, the bookmaker, came in.

"I'm glad they've arranged a fight," he exclaimed. "It will be a splendid exhibition."

Seeing the crowd, Thompson probably imagined himself at the race track.

"What's the betting?" he asked, and when there was no response, Ike proceeded to make a price.

"I'll bet \$8,000 to \$10,000 Maher whips him," was his next statement. No one appeared to be anxious to take this on.

"I'll bet \$10,000 even Fitz whips the other fellow," Thompson shouted, looking around for a taker. This offer went begging, too.

TO HOLD THE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The amateur athletic, boxing and wrestling championship tournament will be held in the New Manhattan Athletic Club this season.

substituted Mike Lucia, of Troy. The contest will be before the Nonpareil Club, of Weehawken, on December 16.

Dick Moore, of St. Paul, and Paddy Purcell, of Kansas City, undertook a finish glove contest about thirty miles east of Kansas City, recently, but the sheriff obtained information of the affair and put a stop to it in the thirteenth round.

Kid McCoy, who went to England for the purpose of getting on a match with Dan Creedon, but who met defeat at the hands of Ted White, the Englishman, a few weeks ago, says that he is disgusted with England and will return to America again.

The unfortunate mishap to Jimmy Barry's hand in his battle with Madden places Pedlar Palmer in an unavoidable position, as with Anthony horne de combat there is none on this side who would have the temerity to face Billy Plummer's vanquisher.

Maxey Haugh, of Brooklyn, and George Justus, of New York, who recently fought before the Long Island Athletic Club, have again been matched by John P. Dunn, of the same club. In their last fight Justus was beaten, although he and his friends claim that he was entitled to a draw. John Docharty has taken Justus in charge and says that the "kid" will win.

Jimmy Ryan, the crack Western welterweight, who has whipped everybody near his weight in and around Cincinnati and Chicago, is desirous of coming East and trying conclusions with some of the boxers in this class. Ryan says he is willing to make a match with any 141 or 145-pound man before any of the athletic clubs around New York.

George Atkinson, of England, writes to a friend in this city that the proposed match between George Dixon and Willie Smith, the English champion featherweight, is off, for the present at least. Smith's backers have thrown him over and he forfeits to Dixon. The National Sporting Club had favorably considered the match, and was about to offer a purse. Smith is now willing to fight for the purse alone, but cannot guarantee any side bet.

The proposed match between Kid Lavigne and Jack Everhard, for a \$5,000 purse and the lightweight world's championship is off. Stuart is Everhard's manager and backer. In speaking of the match, he said: "I guess Everhard don't care for any of Lavigne's game after the latter's battle with Walcott. Jack is a very clever fellow, and has succeeded in getting himself in splendid condition, but we don't care about Lavigne now." The Texas manager expressed himself as satisfied of Lavigne's right to the championship honor, saying that it was the greatest battle of recent years.

HONORS TO RICHARD K. FOX.

Another interesting item of news is that Richard K. Fox, of Police Gazette fame, has been made an honorary member of the National Association League of Football Clubs, and has accepted the honors with warm thanks. We shall probably be hearing of a Richard K. Fox championship trophy before many years, but that, like national recognition of the sport, will all come in good time.—*Daily Mercury*, New York.

HOW PALMER BEAT PLIMMER.

Comments Upon the Great Bantamweight Fight Recently Held in England.

At last we have received a full account of the match between Billy Plummer and Pedlar Palmer, which took place at the National Sporting Club, London, on Nov. 26. The conditions were the 112-pound championship of the world, \$3,500 a side and a purse of \$3,500.

According to the *Sporting Life*, Palmer outfought Plummer from the start.

When the meagre report received by cable on the night of the contest was read, it was at once conceived that the reason Plummer's brother jumped into the ring was to save the Brummagem lad from being knocked out. It seems that this was true.

The lad weighed in at 3 o'clock Plummer mounted the scales in his underpants and socks, and the return was 112 pounds; he must have weighed 111 as near as possible.

Palmer, in a perfectly nude condition, tipped the beam at 112 pounds exactly.

The *Sporting Life*, in commenting on the contest, said:

"It was a case of seeing a tried and unbeaten warrior meeting his fate, and the brilliant assemblage of sportsmen who thronged the club's pretty theatre looked on with a feeling akin to pity as the lad who has repeatedly upheld the honor of old England on the other side of the Atlantic tried in vain to outfight a youth much quicker and cleverer than himself—a thing that many good judges would have thought impossible prior to yesterday—until, worn out with his gallant but futile attempts, he succumbed to his opponent's onslaught in the fourteenth round.

"Though taken by complete surprise at the astonishing quickness of his adversary Plummer manfully fought on, and in the fairest possible manner never ceased in his efforts to overthrow a much better man than he anticipated meeting.

"Though defeated, he was by no means disgraced, and can console himself with the reflection that he gamely tried all a brave man could beat a much quicker man than himself.

"It is to be hoped that Plummer's brother, who stepped into the ring when his kinsman was down, and thus transferred by an infringement of the rules a certain knockout into a disqualification on a technical point, transgressed through sheer excitement, and it will be well for him to carefully observe the rules in future and curb his impetuosity.

"For the winner nothing but praise can be uttered, for he met his experienced opponent without showing the slightest trace of nervousness, and in fairly outpointing a man of Plummer's class performed a feat that no other boxer had been capable of previously."

DIXON GOT THE WORST OF IT.

A Bad Decision Robbed Him of a Well-Earned Victory Over Erne.

There is every reason to criticize the decision rendered by Referee Charles Sage in the bout between George Dixon, the champion featherweight, and Frank Erne, of Buffalo, which took place under the auspices of the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York, on Dec. 5. This decision, which was manifestly unfair, deprived the colored lad of a well-earned victory. It was an important contest. The conditions of the match were simple. A knock-out was not required for a decision. The bout was for scientific points. The boxer doing the best work should have been given the verdict. He didn't get it however.

Mr. Sage decided that the points were even up. The Buffalo lad was the only one that was happy.

Throughout the bout Dixon had all the best of it. He led five times to Erne's once. He landed much more frequently. This was evident from the condition of the Buffalo's chin.

Erne, on the other hand, put up a fine, game, defensive battle, and countered with effect. He plainly had the sympathy of the majority of the spectators.

Under all conditions, it was Dixon's fight from start to finish.

Jim Freaney quit in the fourth round of his fight with Harry Fisher. Freaney came all the way from Portland, Ore., to seek pugilistic honors. He will start back immediately.

Matt Matthews knocked out Tom Fraser in the first bout of the evening. If they ever meet again, they should be armed with baseball bats before being turned loose. The slaughter wouldn't last so long.

Life of Robert Fitzsimmons.

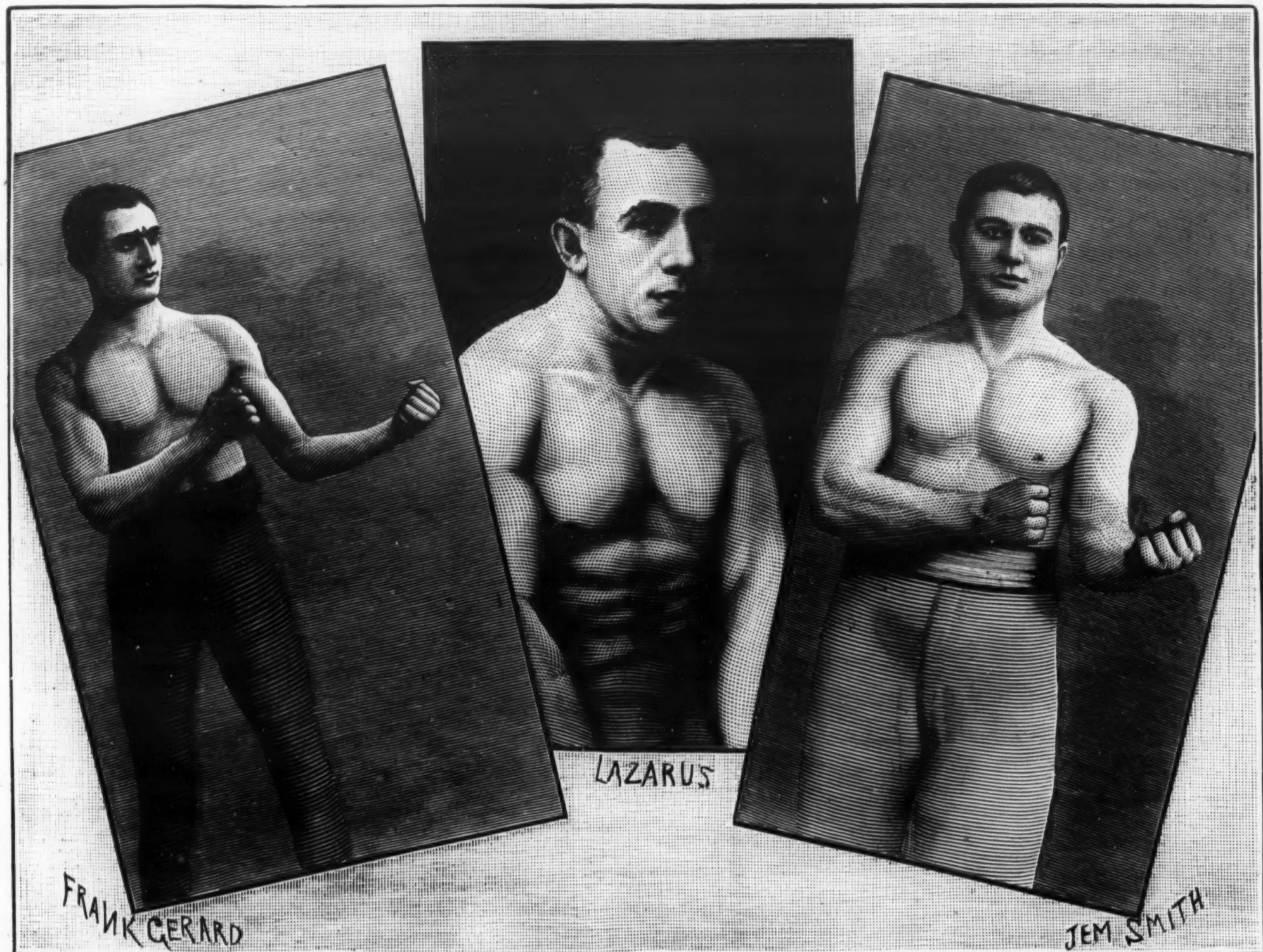
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Life of James J. Corbett.

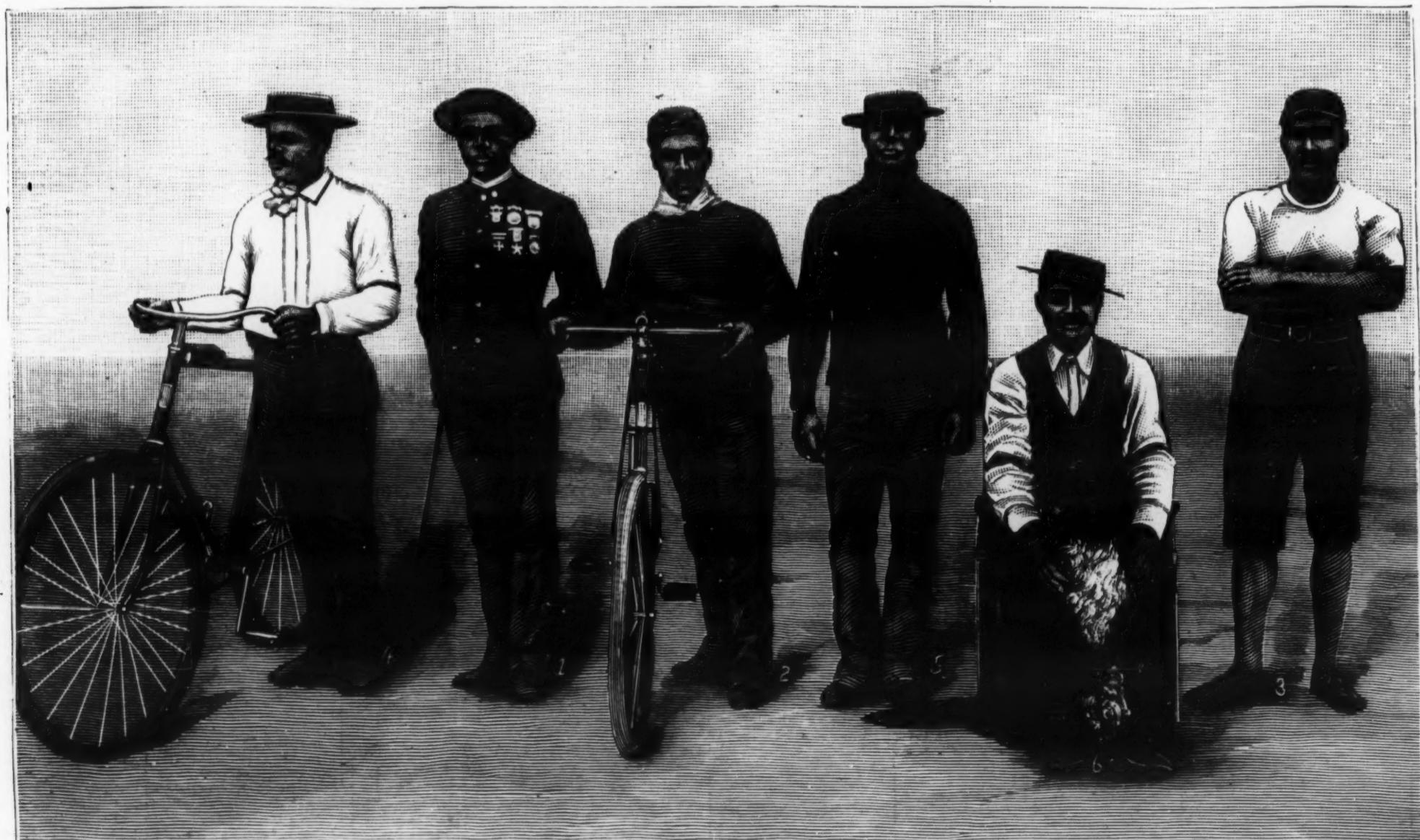
The Life and Battles of the American Champion, in book form, illustrated with portraits, etc. Price 25 cents, sent by mail to your address. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

It is proposed to hold competitions in five classes for both boxing and wrestling. They will be as follows: Bantam, feather, light, middle and heavy weights. This tournament will be the New Manhattan Athletic Club's debut in the amateur athletic world. It is the intention of the Board of Governors of the New M. A. C. to spare neither pains nor reasonable expense to make an amateur record for the club. There is room for a big amateur athletic club in this city now that the New York A. C. has practically dropped out of amateur ranks. The Cherry Diamond may become as prominent on track and field as in the palmy days of the old Manhattan A. C.

It is proposed to hold competitions in five classes for both boxing and wrestling. They will be as follows: Bantam, feather, light, middle and heavy weights. This tournament will be the New Manhattan Athletic Club's



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